

The Scripture Doctrine of Rewards.

A SERMON

PREACHED AT

THE HOUSE OF REFUGE, PHILADELPHIA,

ON

Sunday, October 27, 1867,

ON THE

OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF WILLIAM SHIPPEN, M.D.

BY HENRY A. BOARDMAN, D.D.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

ATHENÆUM BUILDING,
November 1, 1867.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR :—

I am instructed by the Board of Managers of the House of Refuge, to communicate to you the enclosed Resolutions, expressing their thanks to you, for your kindness in complying with their wishes, in delivering the able and interesting discourse at the House of Refuge, on Sunday last, on the death of Dr. William Shippen; and requesting of you a copy of your Sermon, for publication.

Your again acceding to the wishes of the Managers, will be very gratifying to them.

I remain, Reverend and Dear Sir,

With great regard, Yours,

JAMES J. BARCLAY,

Chairman, Board of Managers, House of Refuge.

REV. HENRY A. BOARDMAN, D.D.

At a Stated Meeting of the BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE HOUSE OF REFUGE, held October 31, 1867, the following resolutions were adopted, viz :—

Resolved, That the thanks of this Board be, and they are hereby cordially tendered to the Rev. Henry A. Boardman, D.D., for the eloquent and impressive Sermon preached by him in compliance with the wishes of the Board, on Sunday afternoon, the 27th day of October, 1867, at the House of Refuge, on the death of Dr. William Shippen.

Resolved, That Dr. Boardman be, and is hereby requested, to furnish a copy of his Sermon for publication.

G. M. TROUTMAN,
Assistant Secretary.

1311 SPRUCE STREET,
November 4, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR —

In reply to your friendly note and the very kind Resolutions of your Board, I have only to say, that my Sermon was written without the slightest reference to publication, but I cheerfully place the MS. at your disposal. I have ventured to retain certain paragraphs which were omitted in the delivery.

I am, Dear Sir, with great respect,
 Very truly yours,

H. A. BOARDMAN.

JAMES J. BARCLAY, Esq.,
Chairman, &c.

SERMON.

“INASMUCH AS YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST OF THESE MY BRETHREN, YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME.”—Matt. xxv. 40.

THIS verse occurs in the most minute and graphic account of the last Judgment to be found in the Scriptures. You will instantly recognize in it, the language addressed by our Saviour to the righteous who are standing at his right hand. After saying to them, “Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world,” He specifies various friendly offices which they have rendered him; and to this they reply, “Lord, when saw we thee an hungered and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick or in prison and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”

It is not my purpose to dwell on the sublime transaction which this passage brings so vividly before us, except in one of its features. We may deduce from it some important information respecting THE SCRIPTURE

DOCTRINE OF REWARDS; and this, in turn, may aid us in disposing of questions of present duty.

What, then, is the principle on which the rewards of the last day will be distributed?

On this question there is a very great diversity of opinion. The sentiment is a very common one that men are to be rewarded for their virtues, precisely as they are to be punished for their vices: that their good deeds are to be put in one scale, and their bad deeds in the other, and the balance struck between them. This theory assumes that men are by nature able to perform "good deeds," *i.e.*, deeds that are "good" or holy in the sight of God. There are those who go even further than this, and maintain that renewed persons are able not only to keep the law of God perfectly, but to transcend its demands and perform works of supererogation—as though it were possible for a creature to exceed the requisitions of a law which runs in these terms, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with *all* thine heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." The Bible plainly teaches that we can do nothing to merit the Divine favor; nothing to entitle ourselves to a reward at his hands. But what we are not able to win by our own performances, is bestowed as a matter of grace. "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Death is not a gratuity: it is earned. It is our "wages,"—the just desert of sin. But eternal life is a gratuity—the free and sovereign "gift of God." "Free and sovereign" as regards us, though conveyed to

the Lord Jesus Christ, our Representative and Surety, for the benefit of his people, as the promised recompense of his sufferings. On the ground of his vicarious obedience and death, whereby the law was not only satisfied but magnified, the faith and love and sincere though imperfect works of his followers, are accepted and even rewarded. "Ye are a holy priesthood to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." "Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward."

While these rewards are conferred on the ground of Christ's merits and not for our works, they are graduated according to our works. The joys and honors of the celestial state will bear a proportion to the attainments of his people in holiness, and their labors and sacrifices in the cause of Christ in this world. The same principle obtains here as in the pursuits of husbandry. "He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully." This does not import that there will be any redeemed sinner in heaven who is not perfectly happy. But it implies that the redeemed will differ in their capacities of happiness, and that in this way some will reap a higher and more glorious reward than others. Paul and the thief on the cross will no more be on an equality in their rewards, than they were in their labors. The self-denying, working Christian will have a brighter crown than the timid, slothful minister who has barely

gone the stereotype rounds of his pastorate, and been saved at length as by fire. The venerable mother in Israel who was gathered into the garner like a shock of corn fully ripe, will drink in libations from the river of life which must greatly exceed in volume (not in sweetness) those of the infant that barely alighted for a moment on our sin-stricken sphere and then soared away to paradise. And the same difference will be made among Christians generally, according as they may have been characterized by high or low degrees of faith, humility, patience, liberality, active usefulness, and other attributes of the renewed nature.

This diversity in the rewards of the righteous, the equity of which must be conceded by every one, will result, not exclusively from any arbitrary appointment, but from the very nature of the case. Not to go at large into this point, a hint or two may suffice to elucidate it.

Gratitude is a generous affection, the exercise of which always affords satisfaction. Among the ransomed, they will be most grateful to God, whom he redeemed from the greatest sins, and then honored as his chief instruments in consummating the purposes of his mercy. However offices of the kind may be disparaged or slighted now by many who call themselves Christians, all will then see that to have been employed in doing good to the souls of men, was a nobler distinction than to have enlarged the domain of science or governed an empire.

With the enjoyment inseparable from the exercise of gratitude, will be associated that arising from the ascertained results of Christian fidelity. It is impracticable here to trace the consequences of our agency whether for good or for ill. "What we do is merely the kindling of a fire : how far it may burn we cannot tell, and, generally speaking, our minds are but little occupied about it. Who can calculate the effects of a modest testimony borne to truth ; of an importunate prayer for its success ; of a disinterested act of self-denial ; of a willing contribution ; of a seasonable reproof ; of a wholesome counsel ; of even a sigh of pity or a tear of sympathy ? Each or any of these exercises may be the means, in the Lord's hand, of producing that in the bosoms of individuals which may be communicated to their connections, and from them to theirs, to the end of time." It seems not improbable that in heaven the saints will be permitted to see, partially at least, the beneficent results, near and remote, which have flowed from the trains of influence they set in motion. This will of course affect the relative degrees or measures of their happiness. If a company just rescued from shipwreck or from a burning house were introduced to a large assemblage, every bosom would throb with pleasurable emotions ; but none among the crowd would experience the joy of the individuals whose intrepidity and benevolence had, under Providence, snatched them from the jaws of death. How much more intense will be the joy of those who see among the glorified spirits a multitude rescued from eter-

nal misery through their agency ! What spectacles will be presented to the eyes of men like Paul and John, Baxter and Edwards, Bunyan and Doddridge, as the influence of their labors and writings upon the world comes to be disclosed. And how much will be added to the happiness of thousands of sincere Christians who cheerfully contributed of their substance to the spread of the Gospel, or sought by personal exertions to benefit their fellow-creatures, when they discover what an unlooked-for amount of good is to be traced back to their unostentatious efforts. Parents who made it their aim to train up their children for God ; teachers who sought to instil the sentiments of true piety into the minds of their pupils ; men of business who amidst the traffickings of life were ever on the alert for opportunities of doing good ; servants whose upright and consistent conduct diffused around them a savour of godliness :—these, and many others, will then learn with wonder, thankfulness, and joy, what manifold blessings were secured to their fellow-creatures through their instrumentality. And every fresh revelation of this kind will of course go to augment their pure and elevated bliss.

Other elements in the felicity of the redeemed might be cited in this connection, but enough has been said to show that the diversity in their rewards is not to be wholly ascribed to a sovereign decree of the Deity, but springs by a moral necessity from the laws of the human constitution.

These principles respecting the rewards of the right-

eous must be kept in view in examining the passage from which the text is taken. It is important to remember that the various charitable acts there attributed to the saints, are simply appealed to as manifestations of *character*, not as being in themselves deserving of the high commendation bestowed upon them. This consideration is of the greatest moment as precluding the common and disastrous error, that offices like these have an intrinsic value which entitles them to a reward. Two points are indisputably clear: that faith without works is dead; and that although a man give all his goods to feed the poor and his body to be burned, if he have not charity, or the principle of Christian love in his heart, it will profit him nothing. This, it is evident, had been the ruling motive with the righteous who are crowned with such distinguished honor by the Saviour. They are persons who had learned that lesson which is to be learned only in one school, that the true use of talents and time and property, is to employ them in doing good to our fellow-creatures. They had displayed that "love to the brethren" which is an essential badge of genuine discipleship. And the mainspring of all these beneficent activities so freighted with blessings to the children of want and sorrow, was *love to Christ*. Nothing could mark with more beauty and significancy the broad line which separates them from all the clans of bustling or tranquil philanthropists who are striving to mount to heaven by the ladder of their own charitable achievements, than their humble and graceful response to the lofty panegyric pronounced on

them by the Judge. With unaffected modesty they disclaim the services ascribed to them; and feel that they have done nothing whatever to entitle them to a reward. This is CHRISTIANITY. Here is the "mind which was in Christ." And no exposition could make it more apparent than does the simple narrative itself, that Christ put such honor upon these charitable offices because they were impregnated and sanctified by this spirit. If exertions designed for the relief of human suffering, however salutary in their results, must without this element, fail of acceptance with Him; let it never be forgotten that with it, they are in His esteem of very great value.

Possibly we may need a caution here. In our vivid impressions of the pre-eminent necessity of faith, and of efforts looking directly to the conversion and salvation of men, we may inadvertently disparage the humanities of the Gospel. We may be so much engrossed with its heavenward aspects, as to overlook its earthward aspects; so much occupied in caring for men's souls, as to be quite heedless of their bodies; so assiduous in dealing with their sins, as to close our eyes to their misfortunes. The Bible will not sanction this one-sided religion; this rude disruption of duties which it has joined together. Not only by specific precepts and by the imposing awards of the Judgment, but with yet greater emphasis, by the Saviour's constant example, has it magnified the ministrations of Christian charity. It has taught us that the poor and the naked, the sick and the sorrowful, and all upon whom the weight of any crushing calamity has fal-

len, are his peculiar care, and, as such, have a claim upon our prompt and generous sympathy. It brands as inadequate and hypocritical the religion which contents itself with Sundays and sacraments, with saying prayers and listening to sermons, while it leaves the famishing to clamor for bread in vain, and refuses to lift the unfortunate out of the dust. Permitting no one to make a "Saviour" of these kindly services, it exacts them of every man who expects to be saved, as the outgoing of his gratitude to God, the decisive proof of the validity of his hopes, and the evidence that he has a character fitted for heaven. It does more than this. It attaches to them, according to their purity and profusion, the unfading honors of immortality, precisely as though they were worthy of reward. It even clothes them with all the distinction and compensates them with all the glory, which it would if they had been put forth to relieve the Saviour himself from misfortune, or to supply his personal wants. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Here is the impregnable basis upon which Christianity has established the claims of our common humanity. Well knowing the selfishness of the heart—how invincible our avarice and our sloth, our pride and our indifference, might be to all inferior motives—the Saviour spurs us on to a career of thrifeful and unwearied charity, by identifying HIMSELF with every child of sorrow who solicits our aid. However we may slight it, the one-

ness between Himself and His people is with Him a blessed and unchangeable reality. It is neither a legal fiction nor a mere visible incorporation; but an actual, veritable unity like that which makes the head and the members one person. Whatever is done for or against them, is therefore done for or against Him. He will resent the injuries they suffer as his own, and recompense the favor shown them as shown to Himself.

It is an astonishing proof of the unbelief and the worldliness of the Church, that this principle, so distinctly propounded, so wonderful in itself, and so fruitful of motives to Christian activity, should so often be left to rust in the Gospel-armory. One of its obvious advantages is, that it is of universal and permanent application. Another is, that it imparts a sort of sacred dignity to duty, especially to every effort made for the relief of a fellow-creature. And a third is, its palpable superiority to all the ordinary incentives by which the demands of Christian benevolence are enforced. Here is a case of suffering. Our pity is appealed to. Our brotherly love is invoked. Our humanity is summoned to the rescue. If it be spiritual destitution that is to be relieved, we are reminded on the one hand of the temporal advantages, the social and civil blessings, which follow in the train of the Gospel; and on the other, of the worth of the soul and the appalling evils involved in its perdition. All this is well. These are not only legitimate, but very important grounds of appeal; and that must be a callous heart which can resist them. But how remotely do they ap-

proximate in strength and tenderness to the argument embraced in these words,—“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.” “Unto ME!” “Unto ME!” Christian, consider whose language this is—the incarnate Deity, “the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace,” your Surety, your Saviour, your all in all! He it is who tells us in words so wonderful that they overpower our weak faith, and we believe them as though we believed them not, that He regards the succor we send to that smitten one, as sent to Himself, and will so reward it at the last day. I know not whether there be any avenue to our hearts open; but of this I am certain, that if any appeal can make its way to them, it must be this. And where this fails, as fail it sometimes will, the marvel has its only adequate solution in the fact that we do not credit what we hear. We feel that there must be an illusion in it; that it is only by a rhetorical figure the Saviour can thus express himself; and that he is far from intending what his language literally imports. But “shall our unbelief make the truth of God of none effect?” Must the simple utterances of Christ be dealt with as vague hyperbole, merely because they embody a sentiment too godlike in its condescension and too munificent in its generosity, to be compassed by our grovelling incredulity? Away, my Brethren, with this scepticism. Let us not aggravate our unbelief, by the impiety of challenging the Saviour’s veracity, or attempting to degrade his benevolence to the standard of a mere earth-

born philanthropy. Every consideration of reverence and of duty bids us accept in its palpable import, the announcement that He looks upon our alms, our labors, our prayers, upon everything we do and everything we attempt in his name for the spiritual or the temporal well-being of our fellow-creatures, as done for Himself.

No one can fail to see that the introduction of this element puts a new aspect upon the entire subject of Christian benevolence. It invests the objects to which its efforts are directed, with a superhuman grandeur; and gives the whole weight of the Saviour's personal authority to every legitimate appeal addressed to our religious sympathies. We cease to be planning and toiling and contributing for the succor of our needy or afflicted fellow-creatures. It is no longer the beggar at our door who asks to be clothed and fed; the poor family in the next lane that craves our kindness; the prisoner who entreats us to hasten to his cell;—it is CHRIST who invokes these ministrations of mercy. Societies of Christian women meet from week to week to make up garments for the households of faithful Missionaries among our frontier settlements. CHRIST is there amidst those privations and hardships, and it is for him they are plying their cheerful industry. You are expending time and money, and depriving yourselves in a measure of the sweet repose of the Sabbath, in order to gather the children of a neglected neighborhood into a Sunday-school, and implant in their rude minds the germs of heavenly truth. But do you see only those children there? Even

if you did, the culture of such a plantation were worthy of all the pains you are laying out upon it. How much more worthy must it seem to you, and what alacrity must it lend to your footsteps, when you hear the Saviour calling you to that spot, and bidding you regard every one of these uncaredfor little ones, as though it were himself. And the voices which reach us from abroad—the Macedonian cry which is wafted across the ocean,—from the banks of the Ganges,—from the jungles of Ethiopia,—from the snows of Greenland,—from the beautiful islands of the Pacific,—are not these, each and every one of them, the same voice which ejaculated that wondrous prayer, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!” Incredible as it may seem, the Saviour tells us that in so far as there is suffering to be relieved, sorrow to be assuaged, wants to be supplied, or benefits of whatsoever kind to be conferred, these appeals are from Him. He it is who supplicates at our hands that bread of life which alone can nourish the famishing soul, and who will compensate all the kindness shown for his sake, even to the benighted heathen, as kindness extended to himself. For although the primary reference in the text is to His true disciples, the spirit of the passage warrants us in understanding it as embracing all sincere efforts for the good of our fellow-creatures, which are prompted by love to Christ.

How this ennobles Christian philanthropy. That is a generous philosophy which teaches us to recognize in every man, especially in every suffering man, a brother.

But here is a philosophy which consecrates all suffering by impressing it with the Saviour's image; which so identifies the Son of God with the children of want and wo, that He seems to dwell again in our world. He is among the throng in every idol-temple; with every tribe of savages; with the Chinese in their teeming cities, and the brutish Esquimaux in their ice-huts; with every widow and every orphan, with every blind person and every mute, with every mendicant who needs a crust of bread, and every child growing up to vagrancy and ruin. Christ himself is with them all—so with them, that it is less their misery than His love which appeals to our bounty. And however strong the claim a common humanity may give them upon our pity, the irresistible argument we have to deal with is, that Christ has made Himself one with them, and it is the Saviour that shed his blood for us, who asks our aid.

Surely if this were believed and felt as it should be, the Church would present a very different aspect from that which it wears now. How it would stimulate the zeal of Christians already active, and set to work the multitudes who from sloth and lukewarmness have declined all personal exertions for the benefit of others. How it would silence the complaints so often heard respecting the frequency of applications for money, and enlarge a hundredfold the sums cast into the Lord's treasury. Where is the Christian professor—where is the man of the world, even—who would utter a complaint on this subject, or who would give with a penurious or

reluctant hand, if it were CHRIST himself who, year by year, and Sabbath by Sabbath, besought his assistance? Who would not feel it an honor and privilege to be permitted, if Christ were on earth and in trouble or peril, to contribute as often as might be and to the full extent of his ability, for his relief? Who would not make any pecuniary sacrifice, undertake any labor, encounter any danger, if the Saviour's personal situation required it? But we have his own assurance, that this is virtually the question we have to deal with. In so far as our duty or our reward is concerned, it is identical with it. In His esteem, it is all one whether He solicit our help in person or by proxy. He will put the same honor upon you for having given a cup of cold water to one of his disciples, which He would had you given it to himself. If we are satisfied that an object has his approbation, we ought to do for it precisely what we would have done had he presented it in person.

Not to dwell longer upon the import of the text, we happily have it in our power to illustrate the subject by an appropriate example. When I pronounce the name of WILLIAM SHIPPEN, I recall to the mind of every auditor one of the old historic families of Pennsylvania, the roots of which must be sought far back in our Colonial annals. It is high praise to say that this name was worthily borne by the friend we have lost. His commanding personal presence might seem to be in keeping with the honored ancestral line from which he sprung, for it is

rarely we look upon a face and form of such noble symmetry and grace—a fitting casket for the treasure it enshrined.

Both by inheritance and by culture, DR. SHIPPEN'S was a strong character. There was nothing neutral or indifferent in his constitution. His intellect, his affections, his passions, his will, all partook of the vigor and energy of his physical frame. Under no circumstances could he have been a cipher. Left to the sway of simply natural agencies, such a character sometimes develops qualities which, in their exaggerated growth, savor of imperiousness. But, informed and restrained by Divine grace, these very qualities exalt and dignify their possessor. I reveal no secret when I say, that grace did not achieve its triumph over him without a stern conflict. But it did conquer. It led him a willing captive to the cross of Christ, and evermore made it his daily carol,—

“O to grace how great a debtor!”

This was his abiding feeling. The sense of obligation, infinite obligation, to the mercy of God, was inwrought into his very being. No allusion could be made to it in private conversation, without turning the strong man into a little child; and often have I seen his face suffused with tears, as he listened to the story of the love and pity of Christ from the pulpit. This was alike the case in his hours of assured hope and trust when he could look up and say with joyful confidence, “*My Lord, and my God!*” and in those seasons of deep despondency

when his profound consciousness of ill-desert overpowered his faith and filled him with painful doubts and misgivings. In either condition his acute sensibilities were sure to respond to the name and passion of Jesus of Nazareth.

But the occasion does not call for any minute portraiture of DR. SHIPPEN's life and character. We are here to consider him in a single aspect only. On returning to this city to reside many years ago, he was at the maturity of his powers. His affluent endowments, and high social position, entitled him to choose his sphere of action. He might have gone into public life: our city would doubtless have been the gainer by it. He might have devoted his time and culture to the patronage of the Fine Arts,—no unworthy mission. He might have added another unit to the crowd of educated men, who live only to enjoy themselves in the exercise of their refined tastes, and neither see nor care for anything outside of their immediate circle. He did none of these things. His leisure and accomplishments were dedicated to loftier uses. He was a Trustee of the College of New Jersey, the President of the Emlen Institution, a Vice-President of the Philadelphia Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons, a Director of the Public Schools, of the Philadelphia Tract Society, of the Athenæum, of the American Sunday-School Union, and of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, an Inspector of the County Prison, and one of the Board of Managers of the House of Refuge. Most of these positions he held at the time of his death.

The enumeration indicates on the one hand, the bent of his own predilections; and, on the other, the estimate in which he was held by the very best portion of our community. For, unquestionably, whatever lustre may attach to the name of Philadelphia, has been derived in a great measure from the Institutions just mentioned, and others of kindred character: and in the Boards which control these Associations, may be found the truest representation of the Christian intelligence, the social worth, and the genuine philanthropy of our city. It were no stinted praise to say of any, the foremost man amongst us, what we say of DR. SHIPPEN, that he worthily filled his place in the management of ten or twelve of these our choicest Institutions. The beneficent influence of a life thus spent, it is not our prerogative to measure. We have no powers to grasp the aggregate results which flow from the steady working of any great philanthropic organization. Much less can we so analyze the various elements combined in producing these results, as to assign his own specific agency to each individual actor. All we know—all that we or they care to know—is, that here is a body of Christian men who sit at the helm of one of these Institutions, and mould its character and shape its policy. To the administration of this trust they bring their several contributions—their wisdom, their energy, their prudence, their experience,—each according to his peculiar endowments: while all bestow upon it their time, their affectionate solicitude, and their prayers. Some tangible fruits are sure to reward their

toil. But what they see, must, in any case, be very trivial as compared with what they do not see. Such an Institution is like a spring of living water in the desert. No eye (but One) can measure its flow; much less follow every sparkling drop on its noiseless mission, and seize upon all its benign effects, simple and complex, near and remote. In the end, the vast achievements wrought by these heaven-born agencies will be gathered up and disclosed to an assembled universe. And then he that sowed and he that reaped will rejoice together. Till that day comes, the faithful men who are doing this work, must be content to know, that their record is on high; and that on every page of that Book of Remembrance it is written, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

You will have been impressed with the number and variety of these Institutions which shared in the active sympathies of our revered friend. Like every true philanthropist, however, he had his favorite objects. Cherishing all the plants in his garden, there were two upon which he lavished his culture with a generous hand. These were the "*Refuge*," and the "*County Prison*." Herein he was peculiar. It is no discredit to any zealous Christian, that he should select some other section of the broad field for his special care. But the Great Task-master will have every spot, even the roughest and thorniest, brought under tillage; and so He sends a few willing laborers into the Prisons and Refuges. A "willing laborer" DR. SHIPPEN was. The County Prison

especially was to him what the forum is to the advocate; the woods to the botanist; the stars to the astronomer. He was drawn there by an irresistible attraction—not fitful and capricious, but calm, equable, and permanent. For ten years, it was very much his occupation to live among the prisoners. At all seasons and in all weathers, he would make his way to Moyamensing, to prosecute his chosen work. And if at any time he was wanted at home, his family were at no loss where to find him.

There is something deeply interesting in this aspect of his life. Here is a man born to the highest associations known to polite society, graced with affluent stores of information, and rich in the experiences of a long and honorable career, declining the repose and the genial fellowship proper to his position, and sitting down day after day with the unfortunate and the criminal in their cells, to instruct, to comfort, and, if it might so be, to reclaim them. His kindness often wins their confidence. He listens patiently to their tales. He admonishes them of their faults. He seeks to revive in their breasts the feeling of ill-desert; the consciousness, not merely nor mainly, of having violated human law, but of having sinned against God. Still keeping this end in view, it is his joy and happiness to “preach Jesus” to them; to tell them that “Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the chief:” and to point them to that precious blood which cleanseth from all sin. Even the dullest nature can appreciate the moral sublimity of a

spectacle like this. Few earthly eyes look upon it. No plaudits cheer the veteran apostle in his lonely work. But is he, therefore, unnoticed? Can we doubt that white-robed angels sweeping by, fold their pinions as they reach these prison cloisters, and encamp around the strange, unwonted group? Are we not certain, that the Lord of angels is there by the side of his servant, as he stood by Mary at the sepulchre; and that his every word of sympathy and counsel and prayer, is chronicled, with the gracious comment—"Ye did it unto ME!"

Here also where we stand to-day, did he find congenial toil. If these walls could speak, they would bear grateful testimony to the deep interest he took in this Institution. His honored associates in this high trust, feel that they have lost one of their best counsellors and co-workers. Many a youth now or formerly an inmate here, will recall him as a true friend—one who blended with the authority of a ruler, the tenderness of a father; and who left no means untried to recover the erring, and cheer the penitent in their efforts at well-doing. This union of firmness with kindness, is the radical principle upon which the system established here rests—the heart and core, indeed, of every Reformatory system worthy of the name. And DR. SHIPPEN understood it thoroughly. He loved these boys and girls too well, not to be solicitous to guard them against the opposite and perhaps co-equal dangers, of an undue severity and a misplaced indulgence. It is grateful to believe that his self-deny-

ing labors here were not wasted. Whatever palpable results may or may not have greeted his eyes, it is not to be supposed that a nature like his could be brought year by year into familiar and friendly contact with so many youthful minds, without producing some wholesome and ineradicable impressions. In the day of days, he will reap his harvest from the seed sown in this HOUSE OF REFUGE.

If in speaking of his position and attainments, I have been understood to intimate that these labors were unworthy of his powers, nothing could be farther from my purpose. It is only when gauged by a very low earthly standard, that such a conclusion could be reached. In God's esteem, no ministry can be deemed insignificant which looks to the well-being of a single human soul. If this point might have been debateable before the Advent, our Saviour has decisively settled it, first, by spending much of his own time in healing, instructing, and consoling poor and unknown persons; and, secondly, by treating similar offices when performed by his disciples, as if done to Himself. I know of no better legend for the seal of this Institution, or any other of kindred aims, than the marvellous utterance with which we have been dealing, "*Ye have done it unto ME!*" In this brief sentence, Brethren, you have not only the highest possible sanction for your work, but a motive to patience and constancy which cannot fail to reanimate you under whatever discouragements. Nor can there be one at the

Council-Board of this Refuge, who will question that he is most honorably as well as most usefully employed, in giving his time and care to the temporal and spiritual well-being of these children. If the Master were amongst us in person, we cannot doubt that He would come and pronounce His benediction upon this Refuge. And no object deserving of His sympathy can be unworthy the attention and assistance of any, the most gifted, of His disciples. Such is the aspect of the subject God-ward.

On its reverse side, we may confidently claim for the Boards which superintend these Institutions, the gratitude of the community. It is too little considered what obligations society owes to the men who administer these trusts. Happy is it for us, that you are willing to add to your personal anxieties and duties, these weighty public burdens. The services you render the State in these relations, with no other fee or reward than the consciousness of following herein the footsteps of Him "who went about doing good," are above all price. Let us hope that as in the past, so in the future, these admirable Institutions may suffer neither from private rivalries nor from sectarian bigotry; and especially that they may none of them be drawn into that *mælstroom of party politics*, whose foul waters have slimed and wrecked so many hallowed interests sacred to education, to public virtue, and to Christian benevolence.

You will not expect me to speak of DR. SHIPPEN in his domestic, social, and ecclesiastical relations. You will

long since have accorded your respectful sympathy to his bereaved children, and to her, (if the word may be pardoned) whose gentle presence, now veiled in the shadow of a great sorrow, irradiated, as with celestial beams, his whole pathway through life. It may be proper, however, for me to say in conclusion, that our friend was for just thirty years a member of the Church to which it is my privilege to minister: that he was long a teacher, and at one time the superintendent of its Sunday-school: and that he was alive to every thing connected with the prosperity of real religion. The three long years which followed his accident, subjected his Christian graces to a fiery ordeal. Scarcely will you find in our city a man of three score and ten, so active, so energetic, so much upon his feet, as he was. For such a man to be led into a sick room to lie down upon his couch in feebleness and suffering, disabled for all locomotion, and after many tedious months recruiting only strength enough to compass the rounds of his own mansion,—you will believe that this was no ordinary trial. Flesh and blood must have rebelled or sunk under it. But it was no arm of flesh upon which he leaned. He found the promise true, “As thy days, so shall thy strength be.” No murmur escaped his lips. The clouds of despondency which had sometimes shut him in, were all dispersed. As his strength declined, his graces ripened. His faith in the great sacrifice was beautiful in its simplicity. His robust character softened and mellowed into symmetry and

gentleness. And the few friends admitted to his privacy, felt when the reaper came,* that the shock of corn was fully ripe and ready for the garner.

May we all die the death of the righteous, and our last end be like his.

* June 5, 1867.

